

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious fence  
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose grieve  
Beares such an *Emphasis*, whose phraze of sorrow  
Coniures the wandering starres, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I  
*Hamlet the Dane*.

*Laer.* The Diuell take thy soule,

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue, (from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand:

*King.* Plucke them a sunder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hor.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame  
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of loue  
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbear him:

*Ham.* S' wounds shew me what th'out doe:  
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,  
Woo't drinke vp *Esil*, eate a *Crocodile*  
Ile doo't: doost come heere to whine?  
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground  
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And this a while the fit will worke on him,  
Anon as patient as the female Doe  
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir,  
What is the reason that you vse me thus?  
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may  
The Cat will mew, a dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet,*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*  
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Weele put the matter to the present push:  
Good *Gerrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,  
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,  
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see  
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,  
You doe remember all the circumstance.

*Hor.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay  
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,  
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs know,  
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well  
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne vs  
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Vp from my Cabin,  
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke  
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,  
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

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